

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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APRIL 14, 1918

The Fairy Godmother's Right of Way.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

SINCE morning Thyra and Richard had been busy raking the yard, and it was now well past noon-time. They had wanted to help with the settling at the new farm home, and this was the way mother had thought they could help most.

"I want the back yard to be just as clean as the front one," she had said when they set to work.

So Thyra and Richard had raked diligently all the forenoon and when mother had called them in to a bread-and-milk lunch they had not quite finished. But now everything was tidied nicely and the waste was piled on the two bonfire heaps on the plowed ground which ran back in a strip from the road. They had cleaned the front yard out very carefully, and all around the posts and house corners in the back yard, so that when mother came out to see what they had accomplished she expressed a good deal of pleasure with their work.

"You've done splendidly!" she cried, and her eyes danced, as Thyra loved to see them dance, with happiness.

"Can't we have our fires now, mother?" pleaded Richard, who longed to see the bonfire heaps burn, one for him and the other for Thyra. They had always lived in the city, and the joy of these country freedoms was new to them.

But the little mother shook her head decidedly.

"No, son. We won't burn heaps until there is a man here who knows how to oversee."

Thyra leaned her iron rake against the house. She had not told that the hands in her stout gloves were blistered sorely, and that her arms ached a good deal from the exercise of muscles unaccustomed to it. She had made a shrewd guess that the muscles of the various members of the Dean family did ache a good deal these spring moving days, and the less plaint she made about her share, the better.

There was only a narrow field between the house and the gray chestnut woods at the back, and in the wall which bordered the wood plot there was one break of a cart path's width, and winding to it was the half-worn drive which turned in from the country road, crossed the field, and lost itself among the tall chestnut trees.

All day Thyra and Richard had been talking about the mystery of that path's destination, and wondered what the traveling of it might unfold to them.

"Mother, where does that road go?" Richard asked now.

"It goes to the fairy godmother's, I told you," declared Thyra, who was reluctant to lose her pretty imagination of what might be.

Mother laughed happily, catching Thyra's idea.

"I'd call it the fairy godmother's right of way, if I were you, son," she said.

Richard pressed his question.

"Have you been in there?"

Mother nodded yes.

"When father and I came to look at the farm," she added in explanation.

"Can we go?" asked Richard.

"Right now?" added Thyra, so quickly that there was no chance for a breath between.

And again mother nodded yes.

"Only remember not to wander out of the path," she said as they scampered off across the field.

At the gap in the wall they stopped and Richard confided to Thyra what he knew about the path.

"I saw a man go in here when I first got up this morning. Let's play we're going to find a robber's den, because that man had on great big boots just like a robber ought to wear."

Thyra peered into the woods. How tall the trees were when one got so near them as this! And there were so many, many of them! And there were strange little sounds up in the branches and away in the distance! And the woodsy odor of springtime-growing she had never smelled before. She reached out and took fast hold of Richard's hand.

"I'd rather play it's a path to a fairy godmother's house. I guess that was what mother meant we should do by telling us to call it a right-of-way. Perhaps she knew something about it, Dick. We could play that there was a dragon to pass before we got there."

So Richard agreed to that quite gladly, and they went on into the woods that were so still but for the south wind murmuring in the treetops and the birds singing away in the sunshine.

"I'm going to play the fairy godmother is like Miss Priscilla," said Thyra.

"That's all right," agreed Richard, heartily.

Just the afternoon before, they had seen Miss Priscilla for the first time and fallen straightway in love with her, so that the imagining of good times here in the country naturally grouped close to Miss Priscilla.

"I think she's lovely," added Thyra, softly.

A partridge flew up just then and crossed the path with a noisy bluster of whirring. Thyra's heart thumped fast with fear at the noise, but she stood bravely by Richard's side and he said never a word about being frightened, too.

"I guess that must be the dragon we were going to have to pass," he said.

They found some tiny yellow flowers lifting their heads in the sunshine; and a little lizard sunning himself on a log; and bright-colored moss on a rock as large as a tiny house; and on the gray stem of a maple tree there were initials cut through the bark. Every step of the way was so wonderful that it was a real fairy path to them. Finally they came to a place where the cart path divided.

"One of them's just as much used as the other," said Richard, as they stopped, rather dismayed, and uncertain which path to choose for keeping on.

"Keep to the right as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road,"

quoted Thyra.

But Richard shook his head and declared that, by the application of the grammar he knew, that did not help any to solve their difficulty.

"That's talking about a singular number, and two or more than two is a plural number."



By J. I. Saa.

HIS BREAKFAST

"Keep to the right, whoever expects
Bravely to carry life's load,"

went on Thyra.

But Richard objected to that too.

"That means right or wrong doing, not roads. The Indians used to look at the ground a lot to find out about such things. See, Thyra. Every kind of footstep in this soft ground leads in this way. There's a horse's shoe, and a man's big boot. I'm sure it's the print of the robber's boot."

Thyra had run to examine the soft trail of the other path.

"Every kind of footsteps lead out here, Dick. The horse and some kind of animals, and the daintiest lady's shoe that must belong to the fairy godmother," she cried out. "So that must be the enchanted way to go to the castle, and this is the enchanted way to come out from it."

So they chose what they played was the enchanted path for going in, and ran under an arch of great pines on a carpet of brown, slippery needles; and then, all at once, they discovered they were at the edge of a clearing right in the heart of the woods, and in the midst of the clearing there was a little brown house with green blinds and white trimmings and tiny-paned windows.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Thyra. "It is the fairy godmother's."

For a house more like the imagination of a fairy godmother's never existed in all the world. Richard agreed with that.

"It is the fairy godmother's," he repeated.

So they went hand in hand up the road which led to the broad doorstep of the little house, and the way was bordered with beds of yellow daffodils and bright-faced pansies, and tiny green plants that were just pushing their heads out of the soft brown dirt. And the gravel path and the short grass were raked so neatly, and the doorstones were swept so clean, and the white curtains at the tiny-paned windows were so absolutely alike, that when they had walked completely around the house they could not guess which was the front or which was the back of it. But they felt so sure that they had discovered a fairy godmother's house that they were determined not to go away without first ringing at the door.

"This must be the kind of door-bell that you pull a string to make ring," said Thyra, going up to the door to which they had come at first.

So she pulled with a smart tug at the stout string which hung out through a hole in the door, but no bell rang, and lo! the door swung open and the bright sunlight lay shining into the house-room, on a big braided rug and the sanded floor, like a path to where a little woman in gray stood on a threshold and looked at Richard and Thyra with about as much surprise as they looked at her. For the first moment Thyra was certain they had found the fairy godmother.

"Tut, tut!" cried the little woman. "Why, if it isn't Thyra Dean and Richard! I'm amazing glad to see you!"

And as the surprise on her face was transformed to loving welcome Thyra saw that the little woman was Miss Priscilla herself.

"I—we thought you were a fairy godmother," she said.

Miss Priscilla laughed merrily.

"Let's play I am one and giving you a wish apiece!" she declared.

"I want a man who knows how, so I can burn my fire," said Richard, very promptly, coupling his own wish with his mother's condition for the burning.

"I guess I want just the same thing," added Thyra.

To have the bonfire heaps burned was what she had really been going to wish for, so she thought it would be greedy to stop and think up something else than what Richard had wanted. Miss Priscilla clapped her hands gently.

"There's Jedediah! He's a splendid hand for fires."

Richard's face lightened.

"Is Jedediah the robber that wears big boots?" he asked.

Thyra was a little afraid that Richard was not being polite. But Miss Priscilla did not seem to mind about it.

"Jedediah's my brother. He does wear top boots, but I think he'd make a better fireman than a robber."

"I was just playing about the robber," explained Richard.

"Do you know, I was just thinking about going to your house for a picnic supper," said Miss Priscilla, opening the pantry door. "Now if I should put this cake in a basket" (it was a deliciously frosted chocolate cake) "for Thyra to carry, and these warm rusks in another basket for Richard to carry, and this basket of sandwiches for me, and that big one snugly packed for Jedediah, why, we could sit around mother's table and have the nicest time picnicking!"

Thyra thought about the hasty lunches of the moving time, and of the aches that must be in mother's body, and she knew this picnic supper would be a delightful event for the Deans.

"You are a fairy godmother," she said lovingly.

Miss Priscilla nodded as she drew her gray cape over her shoulders. She called down the cellar stairs to Mr. Jedediah, who was getting potatoes out of the bin for planting, and told him what she had planned, and how he was wanted presently to help Thyra and Richard with the bonfires. Then they three went out into the sunshine with the promise that Mr. Jedediah would follow very soon.

Thyra looked back at the house and remembered how Miss Priscilla had said yesterday that it was the house with the latch-string out. That must have been what she had taken for a bell-cord—a latch-string.

"What's a fairy godmother's right-of-way?" asked Richard. "That's what mother said we could call this path into the woods."

They had come into the woods by the path which was marked by footsteps leading out, and met the path by which they had entered beyond the brown-carpeted arch of pines.

"A fairy godmother's right-of-way?" said Miss Priscilla, thoughtfully. "Why, this is our path out to the road by your house, and the law gives us a right to pass over your land. I guess the fairy godmother's right-of-way is the chance one gives for kindly thoughts and words and deeds to come to them from others, and taking pains and doing work to accomplish things for which we ask. Why, if you hadn't piled those heaps so nicely for bonfires, Jedediah wouldn't have been the least bit of use to help burn them. There are many things we have simply got to make ready ourselves before any one else can help, and doing those is giving the fairy godmother her right-of-way."

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

DE MAITRE.

Gran's Gold Quarter.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

EMILY CRAMER spoke solemnly to her brothers and sisters as she set the old tin box on the table.

"Gran said we might each choose a gift from her treasure-box while she is away. So we must remember to play fair and not quarrel over the gold quarter."

"Whoever heard of a gold quarter of a dollar?" demanded Hal. "I never remember Gran saying a word about it herself. Do you believe there's any such thing, honest, now?"

"Why, Hal Cramer, of course there is," urged Louise. "Didn't Aunt Martha and the other aunts tell us about it dozens of times when we were little! And this box is where Gran keeps her valuables, so I 'most know it's here."

"Well, then, we'll have to wake up Tellis and give him his chance to draw with the rest of us," declared Hal, firmly. "The old chap is head of the family, and he'd let us have everything in sight if we were greedy enough to take it."

Tellis, the fifteen-year-old brother, was so deep in a book on gardening that he had not heard a word they said. However, he did consent to take some notice of them when they all came behind him and tickled the back of his neck.

"Gold quarter!" he scoffed when they had explained matters to him. "What good is a gold quarter? You can't eat it, and it wouldn't do to sell it, because it's a relic and belongs in the family."

"As if I couldn't wear it on my chain and make all the other girls wish they had one too!" cried Louise, and Emily added, "I don't know why, but there's something in the idea of a gold quarter that makes me want it the most of anything I ever heard of."

"Well, then," laughed Tellis, "go ahead and open your magic box on the table there. I don't feel that way at all about gold quarters. And when Gran gets home I'm going to ask her for a good deal bigger gift than anything in that old tin box."

For a moment the four smaller ones stood still to wonder what sort of a gift Tellis had in mind. But they forgot all about it as they clustered around the box, seven-year-old Fred standing on a stool that he might have as good a chance as the rest of them. It was agreed that Tellis should open the box and that the first child to put a finger on that coin should be the proud owner. But careful search among the small objects that filled the box soon showed that there was no gold quarter there.

"Of course Gran thought it was too precious to keep in with these old things," said Emily, turning over the heap rather scornfully. "Let's each choose something quick and put the box away."

Before they had cleared away the heap of relics on the table Father and Mother Cramer drove into the yard with a load of furniture from their home in the city. This home had lately been broken up and the whole family were to live in the other half of Gran's house here at the edge of the village. Father Cramer had been in poor health for a year, and it would be some time yet before he could work much. They had been growing poorer every day in their city home when Gran wrote to say that she had nothing to offer them but house room; if that would help them they were more than welcome to it.

So here they all were, and Tellis, the head of the family while his father was ill, had been

racking his brain for some way to help feed seven persons.

When Gran came back from a visit to a sick neighbor the boy was quick enough about asking her for that gift he had hinted at.

"It's only the use of that big garden plot south of the house. I know you have been letting the land and getting a little money out of it that way. But maybe I could pay you in garden stuff. I've always felt pretty sure I could make things grow if I had a chance."

"That land is yours just as long as you want it," was Gran's ready answer. And before night Tellis was deep in his garden-making.

Everybody but Gran laughed at him, and declared that a green youngster from the city couldn't earn his salt at gardening. However, Tellis refused to be discouraged, declaring that he hadn't read all those books on the subject for nothing, and that he should have an expert adviser in Gran, who had raised many a prize vegetable in her younger days.

He planted his garden with everything he could think of that would help feed a family. Of course it meant a great deal of work, and at first the younger children helped with much zeal. But they soon lost interest. Hal was playing on the Junior High ball-team this season, and Emily and Louise had a thousand things to do every night after school—or thought they had. Father Cramer got able to help after a while, and Gran spent most of her time out in the garden with Tellis. Small Fred was anxious to do his part and really became very useful as a weeder when he had learned to tell the weeds from stalks of young corn or beans.

"It does look nice," admitted Louise one day as she stood with Tellis looking down the long straight rows of growing plants. "But won't it be 'most forever before anything is big enough to eat? Well, anyway, Tellis, your gift from Gran was better than anything we got out of the tin treasure-box. I do wish we dared to ask Gran what became of that gold quarter. Maybe she'd give it to us now if she knew how much we wanted it."

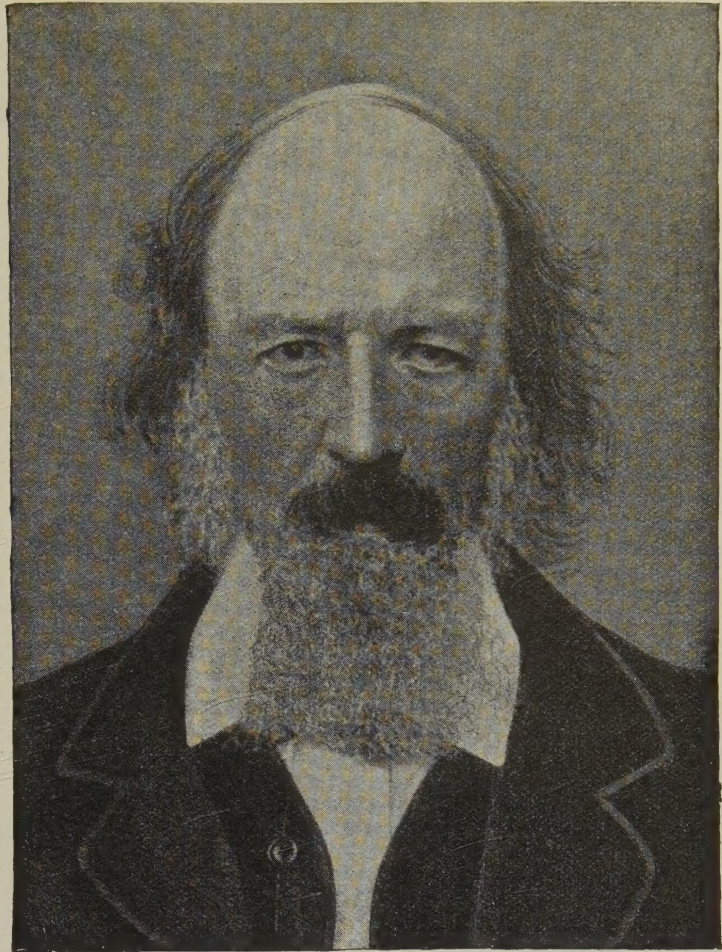
"I wouldn't mention it to her," advised Tellis, dryly. "Gran has done enough for us as it is."

By midsummer the garden had begun to yield like a magic treasure-mine. First they had peas and lettuce, then cucumbers, string beans, new potatoes, and finally corn, besides small relishes of all sorts. Mother Cramer pointed out that the grocery bill was steadily growing smaller and the bill of fare larger.

As the garden was a good-sized one, there was more than they could eat as they went along, so the housekeeper began canning the surplus. Nearly every day Emily or Louise trotted down cellar with a jar of peas or beans nicely cooked for next winter. There were cucumbers for pickles, and there would be some potatoes and other vegetables to store at the end of the season.

"But sometimes I think the old apple tree is the most wonderful of all," Emily would say as she came in with her apron full.

The apple tree stood in one corner of the garden plot, and Tellis had sprayed and pruned and taken care of it along with the rest of his growing things. They were early apples and the crop was large. The Cramers had apple pie and sauce before anybody else in the neighborhood, and there were heaps of the red fruit after they had used all they could. Tellis, who according to Gran was sole proprietor of that tree along with everything else



Tennyson.

BY CHARLES WILBERT SNOW.

THE star that rose o'er Syrian plains
Two thousand years ago
Was waning in men's hearts and brains
In stormy midnight woe;

And knighthood's star of rich romance
That blazed o'er Camelot
Was fading on the plains of France,
And manhood's quest forgot;

When from the rugged Saxon race
A mystic bard was born,
Who looked past death's vale-shadowed face,
And viewed the peaks of morn.

New solace came to those who weep,
New hope to those who dream,
The Easter promise stirred from sleep,
And stronger shone the gleam.

The hearts of youth were touched again,
The holier grail was sought,
The blameless life returned to men,
The grander creed was taught.

In dawning science he foresaw
The death of human pain,
And out of universal law
Man's greatest final gain.

And out of Arthur's death he wrought
A deathless song to cheer
The later Arthurs who have fought
For heaven now and here.

The world has rolled through one more arc
Of thought,—a stirring time;
And looming big from out the dark,
God's prophet stands sublime.

on that plot of land, gave Hal permission to pick and sell some, so the family baseball star got money enough to buy the catcher's mitt he had wanted for a year. The girls took it into their heads to try jelly-making, and, since the fruit was juicy and beautifully colored, they had fine success. In fact six tumblers of that jelly won first prize at the food fair in the village. As for Mother Cramer, she declared she was almost feeding her family from that old tree, and that she was thinking of getting out a book on apple cookery, she had invented so many different ways of using apples. Fred told her in private that he thought it was apple turnovers that were making him grow so fast, and that

he could stand it to work picking beans all a hot forenoon if he felt sure of two turnovers, warm ones, for luncheon.

"This old tree is as generous as Tellis and his garden; it provides something for all of us," remarked Gran one day as she sat on the grass with her lap full of red apples. "On the whole I guess I never invested a quarter better than I did when I bought this tree."

"A quarter, Gran?" Emily opened her eyes in astonishment. "You don't mean you could buy an apple tree for a quarter?"

"When they're no longer than your arm you can sometimes," explained Gran. "I'd always wanted an early apple tree and one spring when the nursery man came along I



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—When I first saw *The Beacon* I did not like it very much, but now I am always hunting up back numbers to read. My little dog, Sambo, is watching me while I write, hoping his name will be in my letter.

Is there room and a button for me in the Beacon Club? A little later I intend to write a story for *The Beacon*.

Yours truly,
DONALD WITMER.
(Age 10.)

Thank you, Donald, for wanting to join our Club and for letting Sambo get his name in our "Corner." We shall be glad to receive that story when it is ready.

100 COTTAGE FARM ROAD,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old. This is my first year at Sunday school.

We put our Christmas tree on a piazza upstairs, where we feed the birds. Most of them come at four. I hope to have the Beacon Club badge.

NATHAN BILL TALBOT.

35 CHURCH STREET,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Rev. J. W. Tickle is our minister. Mabel Lord is my Sunday school teacher. I like *The Beacon* very much. I like the story "The Jumpers Pay Their Way." I am in the fifth grade at school. I have not missed Sunday school for a long time. I have a brother who is nineteen months old. His name is Carl Chapen. I am ten years old.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Your little friend,
CATHARINE OSGOOD.

9 HARRISON STREET,
CONCORD, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old. I am in Class E in the Unitarian church school of this city; and am in Class N in the Chandler School.

Our minister is Mr. Howard Reese Williams. He is sailing for France to work in the Y. M. C. A. My teacher is Miss Ford.

I would like to wear a Beacon Club button and belong to that Club. My sister, Gladys, would like to wear your button and belong, too.

I am very interested in your papers. My sister and I are sending in some puzzles which we hope to see in the Recreation Corner of *The Beacon*.

Yours sincerely,
FRANCES AND GLADYS SMYTHE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LVI.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 47 is a boat we all hate.
My 4, 39, 28, is a very small point.
My 7, 53, 49, 29, 38, is a sail boat.
My 22, 23, 36, 33, is a great canal.
My 40, 53, 11, 3, is to take out of danger.
My 31, 18, 50, 12, 54, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 1, 8, is a preposition.
My 14, 45, 5, is not me.
My 46, 30, 40, 3, is to go up.
My 29, 41, 17, is what horses eat.
My 34, 19, 45, 27, 43, is to be solitary.
My 5, 48, 25, 19, 10, is a relative.
My 6, 20, 54, is a Scotch boy's name.
My 2, 12, 34, 46, is what our ears do.
My 9, 24, 35, 51, is our best friend in winter.
My 21, 16, 50, 15, 32, is a girl's name.
My 13, 26, 42, 22, 15, is to pull out knitting.
My 4, 13, 33, 37, 52, is a girl's garment.
My 44, 18, 27, is used to make a breeze.
My 11, 43, 30, 19, is a covering for the face.
My whole is the duty of every American.

ROY W. DISBRO.

ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, 11, 9, 3, is a girl's name.
My 14, 15, 16, 8, 19, is a flower.
My 13, 12, 5, 4, sustains life.
My 18, 3, 17, 1, 2, is the "last enemy."
My whole is a neighbor of the United States.

LAWRENCE LYON ALEXANDER.

A DIAMOND.

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1. A consonant. 2. To taste. 3. An animal. 4. A collection of books. 5. Locality. 6. Before. 7. A consonant.

FRANCES AND GLADYS SMYTHE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

A REBUS LETTER.—Dear Bernice: I want you to call and see me Tuesday and we will spend the day on the farm.
Lovingly, KATE.

ENIGMA LII.—Let your light shine.

ENIGMA LIII.—Help win the war!—save food.

WORD SQUARE.—
P A I L
A C R E
I R I S
L E S S

Answers to puzzles have been received from Amy Bygrave, Bernice Cox, and Theodore Macdonald, Concord, Mass.; and from Royce Allen Eckler, Three Rivers, Cal.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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gave him my last quarter to get this one. And it was a gold quarter too."

"Your gold quarter?" gasped Louise. "Gran, how could you?"

"Well, why not? I'd only been keeping it for a curiosity. They didn't value such things much then—and I thought I'd rather have the little tree. I've never been sorry either. Seems to me I was some like Tellis in my choice that time. I chose what would bring the greatest good to the greatest number. Wasn't that what he did when he chose the garden instead of something out of the treasure-box?"

"So that's what became of the gold quarter," sighed Emily. "And Tellis got it after all—in the form of an apple tree. Tellis always does seem to get the best of everything."

"Well," put in Hal promptly from his perch in the tree above them. "Tellis's folks can't complain of that, because, whatever he gets, first thing he does is to give the most of it to the rest of us."

Spring Twilight.

SINGING in the rain, robin? Rippling out so fast,
All thy flute-like notes, as if this singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin? Though the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still, dripping from leaf and limb.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

The foot that is familiar with the grass usually belongs to a man of lighter heart than he whose soles seldom wander from the pavement.—Leo H. Grindon.

Our Young Contributors.

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

BY BERTRAM M. BERRY.

AS the Freshman sat in the broad-backed chair,
Scratching his head and smoothing his hair,
The clock struck ten—he should be in bed,
But the thoughts of his failure would run through his head.

To think of it made his sad heart feel queer;

He was to be a Freshman another year;

Why *hadn't* he worked like the other boys,

Instead of making trouble and noise?

His head quite soon began to bend,

The thoughts of his trouble were at an end;

He dreamt that he had many "E's"—

Which took the place of all the "P's."

He dreamt that he got to school on time,

Ready to start his lessons at nine;

He also dreamt at the end of next term

He came through not shaky, but strong and firm.

The clock struck twelve—he awoke with a start;

He saw his report card and that broke his heart.

He would try his hardest to make his dream true,

And when next term ended he would not feel blue.

Elfin Bells.

BY CONSTANCE NAAR.

IN our garden,
In the springtime,
Lilies-of-the-valley grow.
They are really
Bells of elftime,
For the South Wind told me so;
And he's heard the bells a-ringing,
As the cunning elves sit swinging,
Swinging on them
To and fro.